

OZ

No. 6 . . . FEBRUARY

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On the corner of Hunter and Castlereagh Streets, Sydney, the P. & O. Shipping Line has completed its contribution to the Australian Ugliness—the P. & O. Building, officially opened by the Prime Minister in January. To alleviate the severe drabness of its sandstone facade, sculptor Tom Bass has set an attractive bronze urinal in the wall for the convenience of passers-by. This is no ordinary urinal. It has a continual flushing system and basins handily set at different standing heights. There is a nominal charge, of course, but don't worry, there is no need to pay immediately. Just P. & O. Pictured is a trio of Sydney natives P. & O'ing in the Bass urinal.



Aid For Industrious Dolts

An outspoken academic recently revealed that the medical profession is one of the few where industrious dolts could earn at least £5,000 annually. Encyclopaedia Britannica has known this for 200 years. Dolts from *all* the professions bludge vital facts and information from the Britannica to combat their own ignorance—hence increase their prestige and salary. In a word, it saves you from thinking!

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SMOKING IS GOOD FOR YOU, DARLING

Cannabis Sativa — Indian Hemp — is a magic thing to many people. To the Middle Easterners it is *Asheesh*. To Indians, *bang*. In the Western World it has many names, among them *pot*, *ten*, *marijuana*. All of them speak to Americans. The police call it "an addictive narcotic." The Pope says (in heavy type) it is a "baneful no-drag." The British medical journal "The Lancet" supported its legislation, adding that it would reduce unemployment and give a boost to Britain's tax revenue. The Moroccans know it as *try* — an Arabic colloquialism for "well-being."

To me it is a good, cheap smoke. And I lived under a police-dictator for six months. Not a farious back-alley tap-pod, I must add, but in a country where social life centers on the buzzing hemp weed.

In Morocco, *try* is considered not a dangerous drug but a way of life. It is the average man-about-the-Casbah, at any rate. The well-to-do consider it *non*! If not downright psychotic, the police say, in accordance with British trends, it is a *drug*. But that doesn't stop them for a moment. The sheep herders, the fishermen, the Youth Host and Wander all dip into it larger and share a pipe or two. A refusal to tolerate in Morocco is like treating the Queen on Coca-Cola at a Vice-Royal banquet.

According to Moroccan law, Mohammedans are forbidden alcohol and Morocco is one of the most orthodox countries in the Arab world. But to be sure, the Most Sacred Highness Hassan II has taken the side of liquor to his Modern subjects. But pity not the deprived Islam! A few pipes of *try* does every thing a couple of quick drinks are supposed to do.

At your first puff, muscles relax, one size diminishes and suddenly the world is benign. While your body takes a deep breath, your mind gains another dimension: perception, thoughts and you

discover a tremendous capacity for concentration and detail. Your sense of hearing changes from noise to virtue, you look at mundane objects with child-like freshness, everything smells like truffles. Everything you eat tastes like a Cordón Blue specialty and your appetite, which you thought had gone the way of your father's laughter, becomes a chef's delight.

The months I spent on a "degraded post-herb" in a camp with the headlight of my life, I put on a shiny new wig, stop like the become of an Oudine ad and ate like a farmhand. My assumption of normal cigarettes dropped from forty odd to half a dozen. My cough (asthma on three continents), shales frustration and general nervousness quit and down. I was contented for the first time in years. Most of the other foreign are felt the same way. Many feel they have creative work in the form of atmospheric claiming that marijuana (cannabis) with a minimum of worry and exposure heightened their imagination and clarified their senses.

The local Arabs and Berbers seemed to have started smoking as children without being medicated; studied the anti-social and crime films with which marijuana is popularly (and hopefully) endowed; and, very rare, the only aggressive Moroccan was backsliding who had been shyly tapping the voodoo (indigenous) wires. Even with them the smoke seemed to be "I'll kill (and/or rape) you!" but tomorrow.

Moroccan tea shops, where most of the *try* smoking is done, have some of the atmosphere of a Sydney pub. Or any other pub. Moroccans have the full spectrum of the potter, (Ginseng are played with cards and money — far nothing more than entertainment. The long thin pipes are passed around like spoons of worship. Everyone shakes hands — formally and frequently. Questions of events and state are consumed. Most anti-politics of all is the rarity of light. Nobody is able to raise enough suspicion to even argue. And not only slightly touches its ugly head — it is too close to an act of violence for the average downy-up anti-imagery to do more than smile politely. It is the last an

apartment; this, alcohol. Could be the story all started because only the *try* (or the Indian Hemp plant) can be smoked — and you know how some people get confused when genders are mentioned!

Now you understand why no government in its right mind would curtail tobacco marijuana for the masses. A country's progress-programme would never threaten the weed. Why, people would stop working! They would slide from the young executive-on-the-way-up path, get themselves a seat in the stand and watch the out-of-control season post. And horror of horrors! they would see no point getting involved in anything silly as a year. David Carver walked that when he ordered the hemp fields of Cuba to be destroyed. Post Alca Gansberg is reported to have asked a Cuban official why Castro didn't let his ministers smoke it. "Ah," he was told, "but the ones wouldn't fight then!" A "But for Peace" campaign, anyone!

Whichever the popular *try* may mean, marijuana is not addicting. Not even as much as tobacco, alcohol or heroin — and however high you fly (and believe me, you can get completely stoned if the blend is strong enough) you'll never have a hangover next morning! Nor do you have to actually smoke pot if you don't want to. There's like ten or so in other (Moroccan on request, wrapped, addressed envelope, please.)

So if you're looking more, enjoying a low and contemplating a change to marijuana — the smoother, more anti-fog smoke, there are just three small points to remember:

1. You could and up to good!
 2. In Sydney it's rather more expensive than a packet of King sized.
 3. Local supply is highly uncertain.
- For he it has no to encourage degradation of city-kind, but... All the Police Library, I am told, is a book that is a must on every bookshelf's shelf — it is all about "The Moroccan and Identification of the Female Indian Hemp Plant." And the apprehension of Hendrix railway stations, on the southern end of the North-West could be, when told, the most likely place to start heading for pot-plants.

—S.H.



Sir,
I was disappointed by your Kennedy piece in the last issue. There are certain people who merely think that to scream "Ming is a Star" on a cul-de-sac is in a form of political satire. Mr Walker's effort was on the same level. It seems funny in the first place, there wasn't an original or witty crack anywhere in it. Mr Walker is a young boss who writes badly in the second place, it was so lousy that I saw nothing to your husband punching-bag, the Queen, but he owes a great debt to Kennedy, not if Mr Walker had a few minutes more he might have the decency to -- well, not mention him perhaps, but at least to turn off his transistor when the funeral gives by. I have no subscriptions to OZ, so I will not cancel it.

Bob Hughes

[Congratulations, Bob! You have won OZ's best letter-of-the-month award — a year's free subscription.]

Sir,
Despite the elegance of artistic talent depicted on the frequency of the Xmas issue, I regret contemplating your very excellent attack after being infected only recently.

The illustrations will almost certainly enable you to further deflection with the group responsible for promoting previous legal proceedings.

If at any time you direct some constructive criticism at the P.M., I would consider my present position of not being a subscriber.

At the moment, I was interested because of an announcement that your work would concentrate on "art". This desirable characteristic appears to have been expended by a desire to oppose a public.

Yours
D. Maclellan,
Lindfield, N.S.W.

Sir,
Congratulations I think OZ could stand some improvement. Could we have a little more of Kingston and a little less of Sharp?

Ken Pickles,
King's Cross, N.S.W.

Sir,
OZ has met with phenomenal success, yet it has probably been forced

transpiring, and not without cause, by the majority of its readers. In recent issues, OZ readers have tried to express themselves more clearly. But the effort has only made them more obscure. For every one reader who has enjoyed OZ, there are probably a hundred who have not.

Although it deals with "letters", this little magazine is not in the least refereeing, nor does it illuminate or shed any lightning that have not already been over-explored though OZ does perhaps treat them more fully than they have been treated before.

OZ is a simply perfect example of the commitment of previous exhibitors and inherited prudery affecting most underdeveloped universities. These conventions, which become more inflexible with each issue, more from a fear of ridicule than from any genuine desire to contain, have turned a two-letter word that once had vaguely positive connotations into a symbol for desperately ill-fated double talk. With the exception of R.W. who copies into this thing out of encyclopaedia or some-such, OZ writes no other suitable for strictly to say what they mean or simply do not mean to say anything. But whatever the cause of their trouble, it does not in the least show what must be a practically permanent urge to appear in print.

The sudden shift about OZ is an conception of what — particularly and because it is very random claim on the market rate on "letters", which apparently is far too subtle for OZ to grasp in any recognizable form, nor should it be because that OZ has broken its ground in the field. Such force negation and self-censorship usually make the same sort of attempt, the natural difference in subjects being incidental.

OZ writers have worked out a simple mechanical technique they hope will save them the trouble of thinking and in view of the greater copy companies around it possibly well. The writer seems to write his true feelings about a writer's words then then add a few self-censoring appendices. (Imagination and perception are not involved). One example of this is the little little situation piece in the December issue. This kind of thing is sometimes funny when it is unexpected — but in OZ it is expected all the time.

Apart from all this, the editors have the advantage of shared journalists. Their social page shows a great deal of eye-painting cunning and Sharp is brilliant but far too brilliant to be left alone with OZ in its present state. If the one produces something good before some homegrown E-Type owning computer (probably making mistakes out of the original OZ computer) wipes them off their list they have a good chance of showing up in a very insecure field. But the present indications are not promising.

W. Stenham,
Reading, U.K.

Sir,
I would like to present my opinion on a modern problem — prostitution. My solution is logical. I believe the moralists begin screaming. I assure you that I make this statement with maximum reservations — at Huxley's "Brave New World" that we "When are the last results of prostitution as a means for either, best today?" Apart from purely moral considerations, they are:

1. The spreading of venereal diseases by prostitutes.

2. The wearing of obscene by vehicles (in the normal meaning of the word).

I feel a system should be introduced under which a prostitute could only operate if she had a licence (obtainable annually) stating that she had undergone, a thorough medical examination and had no venereal disease. Secondly it should be made illegal for prostitutes to accept rates in public places and instead to wear some form of disguise so that men would know them for prostitutes.

Although I have made jokes in this letter, I assure you I am quite serious in my opinion.

Yours faithfully,
David Link,
Glasgow.

P.S.—I will haven't received word from you editors about the article I sent you on "Vampires Right". I have written five more in the same and am anxious to know if it is worth my while going ahead and writing further columns. Enclosed in a stamp which I forgot to send with my article so that you can write and tell me if you intend to print it or not and also if you want to put the next few in the same.

A Type of Earthbound Ghost

I LAST July, OZ published a letter from a Mr John Jarrod begging that "more articles on sex and sexual perversion of every type, articles on black magic, witchcraft and Satanism".

Several days later OZ received another letter: "There is an article in response to a request in my letter published in OZ July last article on witchcraft etc. Now I have taken this material from books on Satanism, etc. They still have copyrights, but as far as I know it is not breaking the law to quote extracts less than 50 words Yours sincerely, John Jarrod"

Not on the end of this contribution was another letter: "Enclosed find a longer article on witchcraft than the one you have already. You may understand that I am not trying to sell you anything, but merely submitting it for consideration because I honestly believe it to be better than the other one. This one includes a few bit quotes from books, as well as other things I have learnt in my studies, and expressed in my own words, and a few pages of my own. Yours sincerely, John Jarrod"

Here are some samples from John Jarrod's *Life in a Black Lodge* (unproved Vienna). "One of the first things the Black teaches his disciples is the technique of leaving the physical body at will and portraying about at the subtle or aural body. The method consists of projecting or expanding one's stage outside and then transferring one's consciousness to it. At first he usually finds himself standing in the fine body looking down at his sleeping physical body in the spiritual form he is able to pass through walls, trees, and consciousness without being seen etc. But he is still not in the aural world, but is merely a type of earthbound ghost."

"The so-called Devil Kingdom has a great fascination to many people because of contact with elemental spirits who have only a single element and can throw out of balance the system of four element creatures like man. It is only to someone who is not an initiate to have too much to do with them. These elementals are exceedingly stupid, however. One one of my first and few says I met a fire spirit who told me they were at war with the angels of the fire. I tried to prove them wrong."

Mr Jarrod gives a detailed account of the daily routine, such things as "putting order amongst through their magical powers, smoking and bandaging demons, raising magical currents, conversing with Holy Guardian Angels, conspiring, telekinesis, etc. Sometimes the black mass is celebrated, at which a blood sacrifice is required. Recently the Black wanted to sacrifice a cat and was going to do it so he said I convinced him I was the wrong sort of cat, so he caught a four-legged one."

One afternoon at the lodge, Mr Jarrod recounts how "Round and round the big room dropped semi-nude female devils in a mad procession, 705 were

counted, decorated, named and put down as a host."

Mr Jarrod's next article was an account of an experiment he conducted. He was puzzled when the film "The Four Days of Naples" depicted Italians rejoicing at the War's conclusion. "Why," asked Mr Jarrod, are they so happy about losing the War? "True, they may have been sick of the whole thing, but this is because the Allies were winning."

So Mr Jarrod passed as a half-caste German Italian and joined King's Cross, suggesting to all Italians he met that Hitler and Mussolini "were the two greatest men this world ever produced".

Mr Jarrod reports that "they started agreeing with me, in other words they up still friends at heart". And, naturally enough, he is concerned about the borders of Italian (fascist) migrating to this country.

The Profumo Affair at J.P.s inevitably went working. As usual, there followed a column.

"Here is an improvement on the letter I wrote about Profumo."

"Dear Sir, I did not understand the fact condemnation stated on to Profumo. It is dirty, below the belt, instead of violent treatment of his behaviour, in a large part of society there should be a heading up of affinity with him on the basis of 'something my both do' and in another part instead of indignation there should be admiration and respect for his attainment or 'something we want but can't get'."

"It is impossible to talk so seriously with a woman, of course but of the ladies I've spoken to many want to get on his back and make him tremble because he's better than they are. I'd assume but maybe I'll take you with me. One particularly discontented Nazi type told me he would like to give Profumo a poisonous injection of snake venom!"

"Don't look at the man's physical points. I don't blame Christian for loving him. I admit he wasn't 'hard up' but then he wasn't 'black up' either. He, of the upper coast, had a connection with Miss Kinsler on the lower levels. And he didn't have too much intercourse with the two wicked lumps, Smokey and Drunken, which in my opinion is the case of much evil. I think Christian was a good girl, too. I say, even if she got luck from Mrs Profumo she still deserves our applause, because I'd willingly give her this clap myself."

"Because, remember. St Paul said to the party all things are pure, likewise to the dirty all these things are dirty. Old Man."

"If you wish to publish the letter you need not pay me."

OZ dares not publish any more selections from J.P., so we have just received a letter requesting the return of all his manuscripts.

"The reason I do not want them published is as follows: I am not a black occultist. You are possibly aware that even at this present day in Sydney devil-worship is practised by various groups, and I mean it is unneeded as the real thing — not merely an end and a few signs of diabolism. Several characters are known for this kind of thing, and to build up an affinity with them is not good for obvious reasons. Indeed that planning such is not happened, but seems really sense."

"Curse them! Curse them! Curse them! With my hand's head I pick at the eye of Satan as he hangs on the cross! I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed and blind him. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and land him blinged and blind! Bah! Bah! Bah! I spit on your angelous circle!"

Yours sincerely,
John Jarrod

NOISE

First literary magazine of the University of New South Wales
Contributions Include:

- Criticism as Not Judging, H. P. Heseltine
- From the Sublime to the Absurd, Albert B. Weiner
- Judgements about Works of Art, Roy Walters

Also:

- Verse by Geoffrey Lehmann, and ten others

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*The editor kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on flabby heels, cynical
head
Hush! Hush! Whispers who dares!
Newspaper editor's saying his
prayers.*

*God bless us, I know that's right,
Wasn't it fun on page 3 tonight?
Give us this day our daily headline,
But deliver us please, before our
deadline.*

*Apart from Mafia, things are a bore
Dear God, there's not even a crook
score
So let's have an assault on an inno-
cent teen,
Or another visit by the Duke and
the Queen*

*We can photo Jeff Chandler to fill
us some space.
(Though even our readers are sick
of his face.)
Oh, send a bludge to the socialists.
Who are seen at balls and opening
nights*

*God, give us something exciting to
print
(a tragic slaying will earn us a ruble)
Not to forget the stand-bys, of
course,
Like a cancer scare or a Taylor
divorce.*

*Or send us a kid who's going to die.
Or a politician who's sold a lie.
A weak visit by a famous star
Or another blood-bath in Zanzibar*

*The editor kneels at the foot of the
bed,
Droops on flabby heels, cynical
head
Hush! Hush! Whispers who dares!
Newspaper editor's saying his
prayers.*

This Month in Censorship

January has been a really big month in censorship, currently No. 1 in US's Top Ten Banned Books —

● On January 14 the Customs Department announced that it had added to its now 200-strong banned list a book which was hailed by "Newsweek" magazine as "the finest novel of 1966—or next years." The prohibited report is "Eternal Fire" by Celdor Wilkington.

● In London the trial began of "Tessie Hall" an eighteenth century novel, recently republished by Mayflower Books. The book, about a simple country girl who comes to grief in the big city, was described by Margaret Locke as "the most admirable and strikingly picturesque book I have read." In England it has spent the last decade as a kind of twilight period, neither quite new material, but hard to come by. In America it was passed in 1944 by the Supreme Court, which declared that if it banned it "indeed would be reducing to nothing only what is fit for children." Hollywood has begun a filmed version.

● The British film, "Tom Jones", was chosen by the US National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as the best of 1968. Yet this film is considered the "hottest" even to be passed by the Australian censors.

● Subscribers to "Playboy" magazine received their regular letter from Customs informing them of seizure of the Xmas issue and that "if no action is taken, the publication is automatically condemned and will be destroyed." Technically the magazine is not banned permanently as future copies might be acceptable. So each number, as it arrives, is scrutinized by some party clerk, who then officially bans it.

However, weary subscribers note that the worded letter of seizure is vague enough to cover all future editions, perhaps, including confidence on the part of Customs that "Playboy" will always be too dirty to admit.

James must not be done but only appear to be done.

● It was announced that an Australian

publishing company would undertake to send to Australia the banned material first "The Age of Innocence" and, if necessary, fight a court action.

● The Tarry report triggered off a delightful letter to the Herald from Mrs. Barbara Bennett of Cuneo.

"I don't get it. I am not allowed to read "Lady Chatterley's Lover" or "Tropic of Cancer." I cannot readily buy and use opium or hashish. I must have a chest X-ray. All for my own good—to save myself from myself, so to speak.

Yet I and, more importantly, by more expressive, younger fellow-Australians are constantly hounded by advertisements which glorify the smoking of cigarettes."

The reply of A. W. Sheppard, one of Sydney's leading bookdealers, was adequate to the occasion. One would assume that one of the major reasons for this is that nearly all of those who govern us are smokers but for the few of them are smokers."



Methodist minister Reverend Roger Bush has been seen lately on Sydney's northern beaches armed with a tape-recorder to conduct his own sociological survey of teenagers, habits, morals, etc. On reproduces below a replica of a fairly typical conversation anyone can overhear at the Newport Arms Hotel (inter-office of the party-crashing clique) on any Saturday night. It's not the sort of thing Reverend Bush will be playing to his ABC listening audience; however, if you read this aloud in a guttural, awkwardly emphatic monotone, then you will enjoy a more accurate understanding of our beach boys' habits than a hundred ABC programmes could supply.



My name is Brigadier Sir Charles Spy. I am Director-General of the Australian Security Service.

It's my job to hunt down the Russian in this country and every now and then I land one. If that happens around election time I get a bonus — or a knighthood.

Last year we bagged that chappy Mayson. The agent involved was described by the Press as "an intelligent, attractive brunette". We have many female agents and they are all intelligent and attractive but none are blondes.

They are allowed to do anything to get secrets off the Russian. You see counter espionage is much more important than security. In fact, I run the largest branch in the Southern Hemisphere. The only reason why the A.S.S. is not called a branch is that the chronicle gets the girl first and it is the Federal Government which gives the bill.

So my report—

EITHER we really suspicious and we'll send along a girl to keep you company and check on you twenty-four hours of the night OR help organize our service and get a bright head for keeping Australia, if not clean, at least safe.












































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The wind started round the Arno that there was a GAS turn up at White Beach Rd. so we piled into the Moss Coopers and thrashed over and y'know what the old man of the band who was having the turn said we couldn't crash — so Dennis belted him and we all piled in and there was a helluva lot of y'know and j'know the' fun takes the fellers brought up from the Arno we all managed to get pretty pissed — there were a few KING bikes there but they were holding hands with their families — so DENNIS belted them and we all got onto the bunk and finally got one of them so pissed that he passed out so we all dragged her out to the garage and went through her like a fucked of rats — KING! Then the old lady of the band who was having the turn said what ring the Johns so Sid chuckled all over her and she got hysterical so DENNIS BELTED her and then that did the King hangovers on the kitchen table and ran round the house in the rain rubbing the gear off all the bins — God was KING! and then this little druggie told them to leave his bin alone so that got Dennis and Dennis SMASHED him — God Dennis was KING! SMASHING bike — so the King is and it really was a GAS turn and I had a KING time and Sid whose the funniest bloke I know punched in the T.V. set and chuckled with what was FUNNY.....

COPPERS' SNAKES & LADDERS

<p>42. TESTIMONIAL NUMBER FOR 10,000 out of the T.O.C. "DONATION" <i>alibi</i></p> <p>31. </p> <p>JOHN SMITH</p>	<p>34. </p> <p>35. </p> <p>37. </p>	<p>STAY AN HOUR FOR DISCUSSING THE CASE</p> <p>38. </p>
<p>32. </p> <p>DRINK IN A HOTEL BEFORE 10 PM.</p>	<p>33. </p> <p>36. </p>	<p>39. </p> <p>40. </p>
<p>18. </p> <p>20. </p>	<p>21. </p> <p>22. </p> <p>23. </p>	<p>24. </p> <p>25. </p>
<p>19. </p> <p>26. </p>	<p>27. </p> <p>28. </p>	<p>29. </p> <p>30. </p>
<p>12. </p> <p>13. </p>	<p>14. </p> <p>15. </p>	<p>16. </p> <p>17. </p>
<p>7. </p> <p>8. </p>	<p>9. </p> <p>10. </p>	<p>11. </p> <p>12. </p>
<p>6. </p> <p>5. </p>	<p>4. </p> <p>3. </p>	<p>2. </p> <p>1. </p>
<p>PLEASE NOTE: This Game is played with Loaded Dice ONLY</p>	<p>35. </p>	<p>36. </p>

THIS staff of OZ hopes that a merry Yuletide was enjoyed by its readers, subscribers and even those persons who won't go and buy a copy of their own.

• Still Chrissy won't quit or pay for the 24 drawing votes of the holy-day period.

- the 14 road deaths
- the 91 dead and 350 surviving passengers of the "Lakeside"
- the numerous deaths of blue-bottle and beer-bottle victims

Every adult has its merry times and vice-versa.

• Before the law all men are equal, even God's created.

On New Year's Eve police broke up

parties with this so-called Tattler Case, which sometimes reads like a low-down tear-up of the Doyle-Chandler Case—

On January 7, the Herald reported that police were looking for a Miss Bill Rosewater, Mrs Marjorie Nolan. By the next day Miss Nolan had become "a close friend of" Rose, who "lived at the same house as Mrs Nolan".
Meanwhile, to the present day the Herald has never devoted lines referring to her (Rosewater) Price and "his friend, Mrs Marjorie Nolan".

The evening papers, unable to risk having the paper details in their readers' imaginations, were not quite so subtle. Trust it first they too spoke of the couple "living in the same house" but

Naghty Harry James! He just can't stay away from these headlines.

Did you notice? A few days after the Terry Report, Harry turned up at the Town Hall with a pipe clenched in his famous smile, waving that he had given up cigarettes for keeps. A few days later he came up with his great scheme to promote Opera House-givers of the future from the (British) printing class.

Which only goes to show that an opportunity is too small—or too obvious—for our Lord Mayor to take advantage of. Stick at it, Harry! Something tells me your days are numbered.

• OZ's affiliations with the Catholic Church these days appear to be per-

THAT WAS... JANUARY

a Central Methodist Mission meeting in a busy Sydney city centre because it permit did not allow the loudspeaker component truck to park anywhere at the road end, the corner of 180 was obstructing traffic.

Police Sergeant to Alan Walker: "I don't care if you have been conducting meetings for 400 years. You still have to get that truck out of the way."

Lamented a disillusioned Alan Walker, himself a Superintendent (of Central Methodist Mission): "It seems you can do anything on New Year's Eve except pinch the Gospel!"

• Grand prize of Quota of the Month goes easily to Dr Sabandiro.

"The Indonesian Foreign Minister, Dr Sabandiro, told a Press conference in Manila today that Indonesia's 'crash Malaysia' slogan was misleading and only figurative. It meant that a Malaysian manufactured by Britain had to be crushed"—SMH, 12/1/64.

And Cartoon of the Month goes to the plausible Mahatma for his worried looking Indonesian taking an equally worried examining doctor—, and sometimes for days I don't let his anything Malaysian.

A critic, seemed to Dr Sabandiro's prize winning statement was another excellent piece of double-dealing. The Indonesian Foreign Minister, Dr Sabandiro, told he expected it to take about a week for the counter-order to reach the rebels"—SMH, 24/1/64.

It'd be a bit tough if one side heard about the surrender before the other, wouldn't it?

Readers (of the letters page) sometimes complain that OZ is "boring" but nothing could be creepier than the Sydney Press faced with a bit of rather witty information to impart to its readers.

You may remember how Christine Keeler started off as a "model" and ended up as a "prostitute" and worse

than, gaining confidence with every edition, they said that they "lived in—"

I suspect this means something slightly different.

Finally all the scraps were let out and we had "My Son Was No Wife Snatcher", a parody on Mrs Nolan's extramarital adventures, etc., ad nauseam, to our heart's delight and the melody of the Pagan Sonata.

• *Scotch is the handle by which only men dig their own graves And Juggler soon knock up a fortune*

• *More hard to work but life is richer . . .*

During the Christmas fest the Page family tell victims of the Whiteville track Commented Mrs Hall by Pope's sister, in England: "It was the weekend they went for mainly" (SMH, Jan 8)

In the Malaysia dispute we will not support Indonesia, even though we trained many of its officers, because Malaysians are our friends.

Well, on the other hand, we fight for Malaysia, even though we send her aid and moral support and a handful of ambiguous promises, because Indonesians are our friends.

That is diplomacy. Which means:

That when the two countries have settled their differences they will no doubt feel fully entitled to launching a combined attack on us.

MYSTERY DEEPENS

ON Sunday, January 18, radio station 2UW held its grand stumping spectacular at Lane Cove National Park, a jumping-ground from way back for petting parties, voyagers and Sydney detectives.

After the dust had settled, the police announced that all the Doyle-Chandler clues, with which the press terms, had been driven six inches into the earth.

notably obscure. Or not all subtle than we think?

Perhaps the Good-gays are really merely figures and represent the Douglas, (double) douglers would have not too much reason) something in a Tim-Pan Alley wilderness with the temptations of modern life. And could it be that Mad Mad represents the Devil incarnate, trying to beguile the Right from the straight, his American worst emphasizing his alienation from the virtue of the Good-gays?

Ecologists have spent centuries contending with the question of how it is that God, who in the system of good, man could have created the Devil. And so, by the same token, 25M a hard nut to give a theologically sound explanation of how it is they allow Mad Mad share the cake with them. We are told rather loudly that, although M M is not a Good-gay, he is "not such a bad guy after all".

• **THE MANY METAPHORS?** . . . "On the other hand, Mr Macmillan may take the bit in his teeth and break through all the old tape that has tied the good to the straight and narrow for so many years"—New Spelling Editor, Jan 22

• **A FOREMAN'S LOT** . . . On Boxing Day police closed in on a foul-ched in which were hiding double-murderer William Stanley Lilly and 14-year-old Susan Lynn (Lilly's child). Unhindered to the police, both were dead.

Commenting on the police party's open approach at the foul-ched, Inspector Roy Kelly said "That's what they're paid for—out of our own billions had been shot and you have to go anywhere"—SMH, Dec 27

• There are not one defender of freedom in this country?

At the present moment the NSW State Government is drafting legislation to allow police officers to belong to a political party. But—by the combined

opinion of both Government and Opposition—it looks as though they will not be permitted to join the Communist Party.

If Communists are incapable of becoming capable politicians, how does the Soviet bloc symbol its spirit?

Of course, the really ironic thing is this—as the figures showed last election—Australia probably has the smallest percentage of Communists of any sizable country in the West today. The paradox here that with a small fringe membership is threat to our way of life is a fitting commentary on the confidence we have in the strength of democracy.

Frank O'Neill, of the Sydney "Mirror", surprised nobody but himself by his denials on interviewing Colin Jordan, leader of the British Nazi party, for an exclusive interview. Jordan, just out from serving a prison term and recently married to a niece of Winston Blair, has set himself up in quite a comfortable way in London.

Some months ago, while he and his co-leader, John Tyndall, were still in prison OZ were seeking further information.

In return, we received (under plain wrap) a most informative pamphlet entitled "Britain Robbed" and a number of clippings, such as "Four Britons from Jewish Control" and "Stop this Jewish Cruelty", thoughtfully printed on glossy paper.

The ideas are old but some of the new facts are delightful.

We could not find the publisher of Pamphlet, the last one of the odd parties whose evidence to their Jewish persecution: *The Chosen, the Chosen and the Whore*—the king of demagogues, here-purporting and there-are, are our real rulers.

And so, and television debates the public about with the culture of the ghetto, the ghetto and the ghetto.

Included is a Membership Application Form which asks out some really interesting data: How (where) — Eyes (color) —

Have you served in the Armed Services, and if so, in what branch, and with what rank, and with what special experience or qualifications? Are you physically fit? Are you interested in participating in special units?

Membership costs 2/6 per week. There is a concession for students, gentlemen and Jewish for all disabled applicants.

Just as they wouldn't feel they had wasted their time on us, we sent back a spare membership form in the name of Mrs. Rosenberg, enclosing a photo of Murray Rose.

One day the history books. In 1964 Charles de Gaulle discovered the mainland of China.

LAST month we published a special 16th page in which the Korea Press Minister had made an apparently silly

British statement until it was explained that this statement had been misinterpreted from the original Swedish and really meant something entirely different.

This month the same thing happened in January. One of the royal leaders made a few rather noisy imprecations about the Jews' morality ring on his mind. Then next day he complained to the Press that his Swedish had been misled by the translators and he had no such evil intentions.

A pretty difficult language, the Swedish. It is fortunate that we have in this part of the world some really inspired exponents of this ancient tongue.

Premier Bob Hoffman speaks an interesting dialect of Swedish in the newspapers of times but he is lucky enough to have a match in the NSW Labor Party Executive who can clarify any local misinterpretations.

The Indonesians make all their public statements in Swedish and spend days afterwards at the accompanying task of translating what they have said.

There was a time when Arthur Calwell spoke Swedish and only the Herald knew what he meant.

Edly Swedish writers incredibly laborious letters to the papers and make all statements in Swedish but no one else speaks but particular dialect, which makes it all a bit of a pity.

Music may be the language of love, but for the politicians it's Swedish every time.

POST-CARD FROM ZANZIBAR

Sydney's city Alderman left recently for a globe trotting jaunt. Pretend for this luxury post was to swipe bright ideas and incorporate them in the local struggle to keep our Sydney up to date. Due to a transport hitch, however, they were deposited in a remote spot just as it was crashing into world headlines—the tiny island of Zanzibar.

OZ was lucky enough to intercept a post-card from our weary foot-finders:



Dear Friends,

Well, we're a little off route, but the majority money should be wanted. Already, after just a few days in this busy little town, we've collected some odd rubles. There's some sort of confusion going on here. Several kids are running the place. They call each other "bambos" and are a wee bit rough to some of the Moslems—but the same courtesy we get from our Sydney politicians.

Of course, politics is outside our field, so we keep steadily over the mainland customs and immigrant entrance, land values, parking difficulties and many other aspects of local culture. Take traffic for instance: buses and cars are bumper to bumper all the way to the hospital—reminds us of those London drives to Cremorne.

All About OZ

● OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 16 Hunter St., Sydney, NSW 4197, NXM 1448.

OZ is not sponsored by any institution, organisation or pressure group—it is the only genuinely independent magazine in Australia.

● Plans an under way to enlarge and improve OZ.

● OZ needs writers, advertisers, subscribers and readers.

● OZ is available in Sydney from street-corner vendors, railway bookshops and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot handles OZ in Melbourne and Mary Martins in Adelaide.

● It is difficult to contact OZ editors and staff because they are either earning a living elsewhere, on the dole, or doing exams. Those with complaints can ring JW 3650, preferably in the evening.

● Meanwhile, if you like OZ, tell your friends; if not write us a letter.

Editors: Richard Neville and Richard Walsh

Art Director: Martin Sharp

Other People Implicated: Bob Thompson, Gina Evison, Selwyn Cooper, Bob Miller, Harry Bauer, Winifred, A G Reed, Geoffrey Humphries, Dean Latcher.

Protect your market garden
from dangerous pests

John...
Mediterranean
Arrived
France
In
Australia

If your crops are being
ruined by backshot,
then....

ENROL IN MAFIA

Thousands of satisfied members are a mute testimonial to Mafia's efficiency.

Round the World on a Limerick

Grant Nichol

SOUTH VIET-NAM

A lady R.C. from Saigon
Thought barbarous Buddhists this was.
She declared, "Let them fry,
I don't care if they die
And Sunday night's B.A.B.B.Q.'s ON!"

ENGLAND

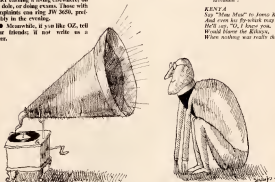
Have you heard about Mandy Red-
Darius?
Sold her Memento to four Daily
Gravies
The result? Her propounds
From Arny Depaul's
And twice from Her Majesty's
Nurses

CUBA

A bearded ex-con from Havana
One day brandished a Bolshewik Ban-
ner,
Now we laughed when he said,
"I have always been Red"
And the peasants stopped shouting
"Mooooo!"

KENYA

Say "Mwa Mwa" to Jomo Kenyatta
And even his fly-whisk may chatter
He'll say, "O, I know you,
Would there the Kilimanjaro,
When nothing was really the matter!"



His Masters Voice

Bowler Nola bats with Max

The OZ selectors are proud to announce the OZ social eleven who will soon challenge a hand-picked team of Melbourne socialites. All the members of our team are outstanding for their skill in knowing what is cocktail and non-cocktail in society. And we think they add up to a pretty formidable side:

1. Mrs Nola Belymore
2. Lady Lloyd-Jones
3. Mrs Sam Horsden
4. Mr Warwick Fairfax
5. Mrs Elia Jacoby
6. Mr Max Sturges
7. Miss Dianne Klippel
8. Mr Terry Clune
9. Dr McInerney
10. Mrs Gilbert Probyn
11. Mr L. J. Hosker
12. Mr Mervyn Horton

As any scientist worth his snob value knows, if one's money didn't grow on trees or get left in the tooth-plate by a passing ferry, the source of income should have no relation to one's reasonable occupation. Twelfth man Mervyn Horton was assured of some position on the Team because of his skill in dragging just where the Horton branch came from. As we all know, hounded houndry Mary is Sydney's avenging angel. Poison she sets. What the social columns don't tell us is that Mervyn has phantoms in him, forced by a moral process about of hardware stores.

And while we're on the subject of income, another family is catching

the selectors' eye was the Klippels. First bowling daughter Dianne displays amongst other things remarkable ability in overcoming a major obstacle in her road to social success—namely the existence of Klippel's Clip-on two (each hat sellers at Gowing's). While the better families are "tying their own", Klippel's Clip-on do yeoman service among the also runs. But then the upper classes have always asserted their superiority by exploiting the proletarian.

The Horsdens, represented here by Mrs Sam, are another family who have produced really hard to make the OZ team. Apparently realising that one more was frowned upon by the more discommending members of the social inner sanctum, they used inside money as a stepping-stone to secure a well-padded seat among the landed gentry.

And practice brings to mind two other formidable members of the side, both famous for their doled work. On the one hand we have that much on penitential Warwick Fairfax, who has bowled away a maiden over. On the other prominent Sydney stockholder, Dr Rob McInerney, provides the necessary support with his speedy deliveries.

Two other team members have made it despite the almost insuperable odds facing them. Both have managed to lose down a somewhat doubtful post. We heard that Miss Sturges has moved up at the world—from the rank of amphyba, (male girl?) at Child's dressing and to that of engineer. We heard also that Elia Jacoby has moved forward—from the back row of the chorus to a starring role on the social stage.

But barely background and names of income were not the only factors to be taken into consideration when we chose our team. It is their style and

varied job intake that make us feel so confident about the outcome of their performance on the field. Val Probyn in her Binge Jug was too good to miss. Not only is this an unmitigated symbol of affluence. To name it, even if somewhat infrequently, indicates cunning and initiative—something we feel the other twelve Melbourn side are going to lack. And we can count on Mrs McInerney for putting off a few hat-tricks, remembering that groups studied full of discarded Horrids Lunatic made it.

But let anyone think the side is lacking in substance and depth we haven't to mention that our Warwick Fairfax, as you know. Who under Lindsay, occupies his spare time in coffee-breeding philosophy and the arts. We have also to thank Warwick for three impressive contributions to the ever-besieged Australian theatre, viz, *A Victorian Marriage*, *Visiting for Honors*, and *The Bishop's Wife*. The Arts find other able players in Mrs., Lady L.J., and I judge, and not to state preposterous in the Klippel side.

Add to this array of talent Nola's long conversion into journalism, that's worth brother one into stock, and we are building up a side that Melbourne is going to find very difficult to handle. But the backbone of the team, and that which connects these separately disparate talents and personalities together are those socially acceptable charities such as the R. & W. the Art Gallery, the Food Bank and Peter Pan on whose committees they meet together.

We must finish on a customary note. Up to now we have described the team's prospects overwhelmingly in definitely such a brilliant performance. But can their loyalty to the great city which spawned them overcome personal enmity and animosity? We think it can.

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Name

Address

- ☐ I enclose \$1 for 12 months supply of OZ
☐ I enclose \$3.15 for 6 months supply of OZ
(Tick relevant square)



Say, it's an early grave you're Craven A? Well, where there's a Wills there's a way

I SEE the Anonymous Union of Yankee Theosophists has rung up the deathknell on tobacco consumption. You not only get rid of all the lung and throat, emphysema, apoplexy and a host of ailments together with the whippersnaps, the phizzes, the penguins, shuffling quakers of the American popular nation, the bums, the down-and-outers, the stunts, the scandalous and the gambled, but it puts you off your grub as well.

I am utterly delighted I myself cover the subject. When you're all wrong, when days wear, nearly brown dump and brown paper, which may have produced my taste. But I'm divided if I can mark out what the masses see in their "Dope little pollen."

I guess, first question that pops into your mind is, "Where, you've smug down, how do you evaluate the paper?" Shared it between the common and subtle it down the diagram like a latent talent, in long steps! Roll it up into sturdy little paper balls, tie back the corner and let gravity do the heavy lifting. Or smash a wad of clay in and pulp the material whole!

I think I'd rather keep a pipe. (I speak with the relative objectiveness of a non-consumer.) A pipe is a device for drinking in—a sort of mouth level apparatus. After you do this awhile you fit the thing and drink it back. If that's not a different flavor. This happens because the level (or blowhole) at the head and at the instrument picks up various flavors, but disappears, direct, unperceivable, gustatory and aromatic blowings from the sky. This pipe smoking is always an adventure—you never know where it's from, old boy. Pipe smoking's not a habit—it's a vocation.

In comparison, cars might seem a little work-a-day. But President John do it grow, catch, knock, spit back, curve, snarl, wheeze, or blow better little dribble bubbles. Once it was adventurous you had to climb the busman and between your feet and make, goad and beat it if it purred. The pure Virgin testam then plopped into the soup and you swallowed it, this dodging the dangers of potholes, silt, subterranean ghosts, and so on. Today it's more hygienic. You city it all with accords, like a subway, the machine would jump on to your tongue, and you spit it out, providing nothing more toxic than, say, cigarettes, or it cannot be used in various other styles.

A bubble is just hot air. There out and curve the rainbows and the need, right, rain rays you stuff books while out quaking for your chop. Most bubbles come with air-conditioning (like holes in the side), a water cooling system, and a massed packet of herbs, vanilla, banana, lime, and a number of other sedatives. That way your taste buds get so paralyzed with light they'll

never know when hit and off is better than.

Small is a pretty festive atmosphere! You take it on the spot like religion. To whip it up you get a small spin box and three measures of Cane. You lay the Cane out on an area wide save and put on lead boots, then jump up and down till all the pollen gets drawn off. Then take a large balloon and spit it into the box. In the side of the box you make a hole-hole, big enough for the human hand. Run your hand inside the box, shake the lid with paddles and swallow the key. After that, smoke. You'll be so glad you did.

Regrettably the dressed off liquid to your nostrils is a dangerous business. It also strengthens headsets that never, never try to feed it to the paracodyclic. They are not real paracodyclics.

After this comes the garnet-approved, or simple, washed. Get a leather surface, full of appropriate vegetable matters, smug into pulp and clamp lungs tight all top of head blow off. The forehead ranches snoring from the corners of the mouth will give off its time, as charcoal lines. N.B. You'd better clamp the eyes as well. A small seductive bottle will guide each page.

After about seven months under these conditions, you may feel like lying down. Do so. Pick a fresh smug spot. But more important, lie down on your face. Then when the lying time will not create the signal. Oh, more important, the tobacco apple.

Passing tobacco is a great responsibility. Once that bulging pouch is purchased you must dispose of it somehow. But how? An increasingly popular procedure (and some will think it cheating) which is recommended (though some may want of any authority) is: wait for it to rot or chew or spit the stuff on

all, but rather to eat it on fire. Wrap it in rice paper, in a tubular shape. Twist it between two fingers, keeping well away from mouth and permit to char, inserting it occasionally between the lips, but only for effect. You are thus relieved from all responsibilities except buying it.

Rice paper is available anywhere, usually in the form of folding money.

This method has no dangers, too. You might, for instance, consume yourself and dirty the ceiling with spitting ink. To avoid this wear rubber underwear at all times, and to be strictly on the safe side, paint your ceiling black. Always carry a water pistol in your shoulder holster. Smoke only in the bath. Never bath in karaoke. Keep the home from burning. When smoking, stretch a cigarette vertically to your groin-rod. Or use a three-foot holder. Never display. Where there's a will there's a way. Where there's a way there's the whetstone. Few smokers stay smokeless. The only two that remain are knowledge for about smokers and tobacco merchants for addition on the mean.

In the meantime, drink whitewash for the lungs. It may fool the Navy doctors for years.

—BOB ELLES

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS

Mr. A. E. Dahl, 44 Glenview Road, Wilbraham, has been appointed a Director of G2 Publications Ink Limited and is official representative of shareholders on the Board. Details of these proceedings, share certificates and notice of a general meeting will be forwarded shortly.

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open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week**



Ta Ra Ra Boom Te Ay

A Catholic Priest was discomfited last week in Syracuse, New York. The offense was rather unusual. The incriminating testimony was bizarre.

The witness for the Papal State testified, "For an ex-Marine from Brooklyn. When I moved up to Syracuse I joined the Sacred Heart Order and went to confession."

"I began to get suspicious when the priest kept telling me to confess the same story over again: the one about the mother, the daughter and her oddball brother who was camp. 'Tell me again the part about how you ripped her dress and the mother screaming. Me well, big boy'."

"Lousy as how he enjoyed the stories so much I got started making up new ones and it just got wilder and wilder. Then he started inviting friends in to hear the stories and there it was, High Mass. I was up there telling those far out stories to 1,600 people. They didn't have anything to do with the Bible, they were just good old horny stories."

"Sometimes, if the crowd would really get whipped up, I'd throw in a few euphuistic puns like 'Three Was An Old Man From Nantucket'. Father Martin really got his gas off on that one and people were going to church every night bringing cake and wine; it was a real party."

"One Tuesday night I was really hung over, and I had a couple of my old buddies there that I met on Omaha Beach with I introduced them to Father Martin. They confessed worse stories that really got him crazy."

"Lousy, he's from Raleigh, North Carolina, told him that one about the sick quack he beat up at three o'clock in the morning on Fishermen's Wharf in San Francisco, and how that old Jew kept yelling, 'Don't stop even if I tell you to.'"

Father Martin got in a damn gurgling fit and when everyone was seated, we started off the service with that song -- 'Ta Ra Ra Boom Te Ay, Did You Get Your Teabag?' and then right into a medley of, 'Mr. Wong's Got The Biggest Tongue In Chinatown!' And that's when we got railed."

—Lenny Beave

This advertisement appeared in the "Positions Vacant" section of the "Sydney Morning Herald" on Wednesday, January 22

PACKER

SENIOR PACKER WANTED

Must be experienced strong and willing

5 day week

Located in heart of city

Continuous location

Apply in writing stating previous employment and employee's ability

Letters must be addressed to

Packer,

Box 4278, G.P.O.,

SYDNEY

Dear Sir,

I am applying for the job advertised in the "Sydney Morning Herald" on January 22nd.

I am a strong, willing and experienced senior Packer, with two highly trained juniors. For years, I've been packing garbage and stale refuse into dirty newspapers. Sometimes, when waste rib-bits were scarce, me and the boys would make-up stuff for the paper to sell for a Bob. If there was any junk left over, we tossed it into an old sewerage Channel 9 inner out of 10 it would get washed out to sea. The completely useless bundles were packed into Bully-bins to make a Mc-Nickel) or donated to Every-bodies worn-out rag charity.

Anyone will tell you that we're the strongest, toughest Packers in town, so you'd better hire us. Or else.

Yours,

FRANK